

BLUE RIBBON



COMICS

MYSTERY



No. 14 TWO BIG LEAD STORIES!!

JULY
10¢



EXTRA! A NEW
SMASH FEATURE!
INFERNO
THE FLAME BREATHER

S. COOPER



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Here's what you get in NO. 3

SHIELD-WIZARD

comics



WHY DID JU JU WATSON
FACE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...
...AND HOW COULD THE
SHIELD SAVE HIM WITH-
OUT FIRST BREAKING THE
LAW HE HAD SWORN TO
UPHOLD?....

THE MAHARAJAH
MURDERS



WAS THIS A PRE-HISTORIC BEAST
THAT STRUCK TERROR INTO THE
HEARTS OF ALL HOLLYWOOD OR WAS
IT MURDER, HUMANLY AND FIENDISHLY
DESIGNED? THAT ONLY THE
WIZARD COULD
FRUSTRATE!

MYSTERY OF THE
FLYING DUTCHMAN



WAS THIS A GHOST SHIP THAT
CAME OUT OF THE MIST TO
PLUNGE JOE DUSTY JUJU
AND BETTY WARREN INTO
THE WEIRDEST ADVENTURE
OF THEIR CAREERS?..

THE MONSTER
OF MADNESS



DEATH BELOW



TERROR STRUCK AT ALL THOSE WHO TRIED
TO WORK IN THE VITAL MANGANESE MINES,
BUT THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WERE STILL
TO BE RECKONED WITH!....



WEIRD
HORROR
STRUCK
AT ALL
VISITORS TO
THE CITY
UNTIL THE
WIZARD AND
ROY THE SUPER-
BOY DECIDED
TO INVESTIGATE!..

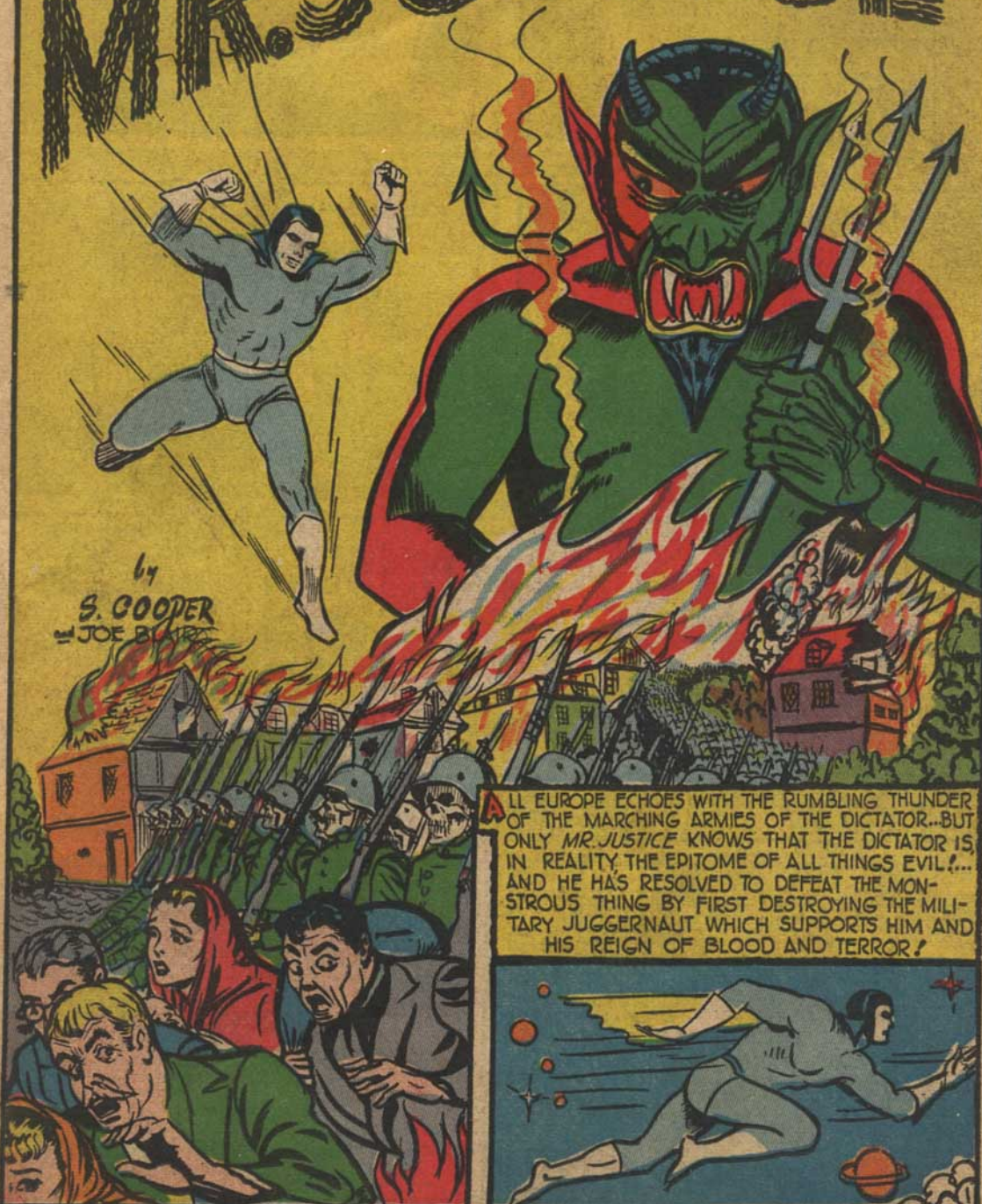
THE CORPSES THAT
WOULDN'T STAY HOME

ALL
THESE
STORIES, AND
MORE, APPEAR
IN THE SPRING IS-
SUE, NO. 3 OF SHIELD-
WIZARD COMICS, ON SALE
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS.

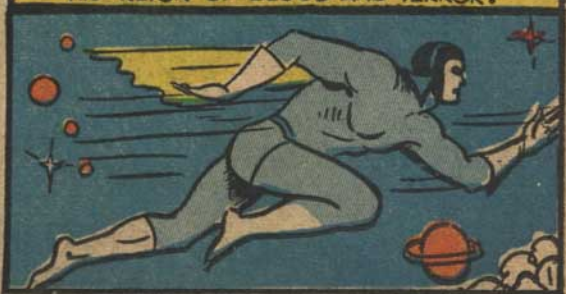
ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

MR. JUSTICE

by
S. GOODER
and JOE BLAIR



ALL EUROPE ECHOES WITH THE RUMBLING THUNDER OF THE MARCHING ARMIES OF THE DICTATOR...BUT ONLY MR. JUSTICE KNOWS THAT THE DICTATOR IS, IN REALITY, THE EPITOME OF ALL THINGS EVIL!... AND HE HAS RESOLVED TO DEFEAT THE MONSTROUS THING BY FIRST DESTROYING THE MILITARY JUGGERNAUT WHICH SUPPORTS HIM AND HIS REIGN OF BLOOD AND TERROR!



ONE NIGHT, ON A DESERTED STREET IN AN OCCUPIED COUNTRY, A SECRET POLICEMAN ACCOSTS AN AGED CITIZEN..



THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE SWOOPS DOWN UPON THE SCENE..



AS MR. JUSTICE STRIKES THE EARTH, HIS BODY CHANGES FROM SPIRIT TO HUMAN FORM!



LATE THAT NIGHT, MR. JUSTICE SITS IN A COFFEE SHOP DOWN THE STREET, RE-PLANNING HIS STRATEGY FOR DESTROYING THE DICTATOR!



WHILE IN THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S HOME SECRET POLICE-MEN BREAK IN, TO PLACE HANS MULLER, THE FIANCE OF THE OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER, UNDER ARREST!



WHY AM I UNDER ARREST?

YOU WERE SEEN AND HEARD DIVULGING SECRETS OF OUR COUNTRY!



NOW, WE SHALL KILL THE OLD MAN WHO WAS ALSO IN THE CONSPIRACY!



BUT FATHER SCHMIDT HAS LEFT THE HOUSE BY THE REAR DOOR, AND HE HURRIES DOWN THE STREET TO THE COFFEE SHOP!



MR. JUSTICE, MR. JUSTICE!

I MUST HAVE A WORD WITH YOU AT ONCE!



SO THEY TOOK HANS AWAY TO BE SHOT, WELL, DON'T WORRY! I'LL SAVE HIM! NOW, HERE'S ENOUGH MONEY FOR YOU TO STAY UNDER COVER UNTIL I COME BACK FOR YOU!

GOD BLESS YOU, SIR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ROYAL WRAITH RACES HIGH ABOVE THE CITY ON HIS ERRAND OF LIFE AND DEATH!



HANS MULLER, MEANWHILE, IS BEING DRAGGED TOWARD THE EXECUTION QUARTERS OF A NEARBY CONCENTRATION CAMP!



WE ARE ACCORDING YOU EXCEPTIONAL HONORS IN ALLOWING YOU TO BE SHOT HONORABLY! I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THE COURTESY!



YOU WISH TO BE BLIND-FOLDED?

NO!



READY...
AIM....



THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE DESCENDS ON THE SCENE!



IN THE SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE RIFLES CRACK, MR. JUSTICE PILES INTO THE FIRING SQUAD!



FIRE!







RECEIVING THE NEWS OF MULLERS ESCAPE, THE DICTATOR SUMMONS THE HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE!

SO HERE YOU ARE! IT'S ABOUT TIME!



A MAN NAMED 'JUSTICE' HAS RELEASED HANS MULLER! I WANT YOU TO KILL HIS FIANCEE, CHRISTINE SCHMIDT!

THAT'S EASY! I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE! SHE IS IN A CAMP ONLY TWO MILES FROM HERE!



IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS YOU THINK! MR. JUSTICE IS NO ORDINARY MORTAL! HE CAN ASSUME A SPIRIT FORM! HOWEVER...I HAVE HERE A FLASK...IT CONTAINS AN ANCIENT LIQUID!

WHAT DOES IT DO?



SPRINKLE IT ON THE GROUND IN A SEMI-CIRCLE AND SET IT AFIRE! NO SPIRIT FORM CAN COME THROUGH THAT FIERY CIRCLE!



THE HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE LEAVES THE DICTATOR...



HEIL THE DICTATOR!

HEIL! BRING CHRISTINE SCHMIDT TO ME!

HEIL THE DICTATOR!



YOU ARE TO DIE, CHRISTINE SCHMIDT, FOR WHAT YOUR FATHER AND SWEETHEART HAVE DONE!



BUT IN THE SKY... THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE!

A GHOST!

LOOK!




AS THE GUARDS FIRE, THE HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE SPRINKLES THE LIQUID FROM THE VIAL IN A CIRCLE... THEN SETS IT AFLAME!




SO! WHAT HARM CAN YOU DO ME, MR. JUSTICE? YOU CAN'T ENTER THIS FIERY CIRCLE!



AND I SHALL KILL CHRISTINE SCHMIDT BEFORE YOUR EYES!



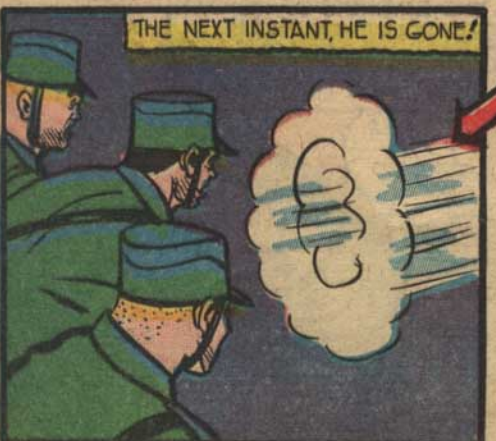
LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOSS IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!



MR. JUSTICE WHIRLS AND SEIZES THE THREE PERSONAL BODY GUARDS OF THE POLICE CHIEF TRANSMITTING AN UNEARTHLY LOOK INTO THEIR EYES!

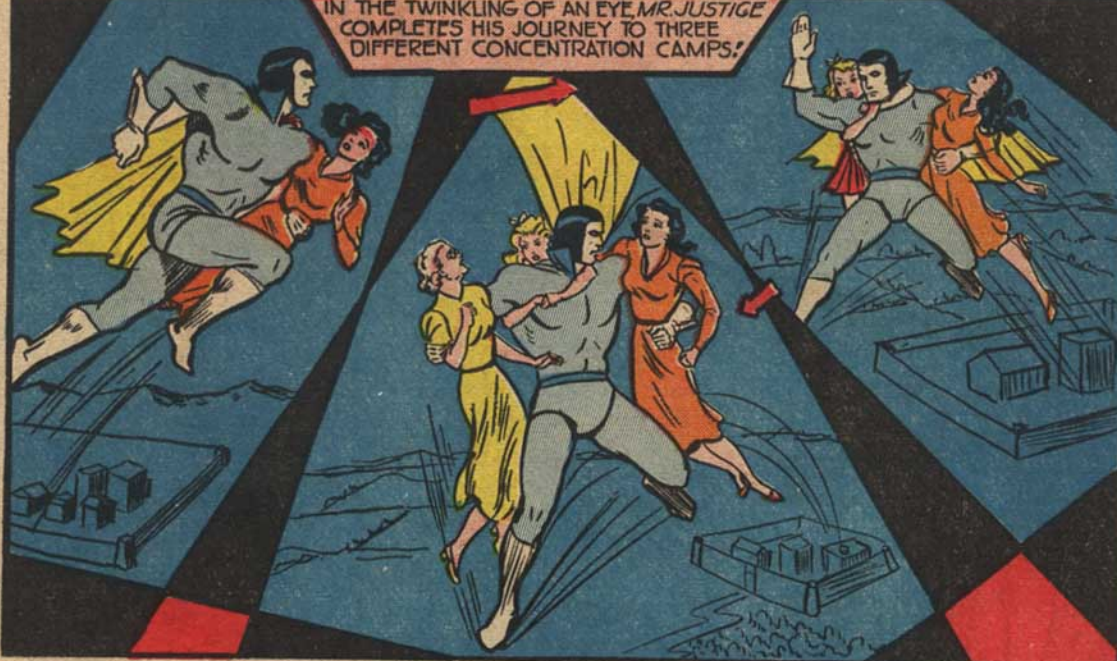


MR. JUSTICE, USING HIS HYPNOTIC, ETHEREAL RAY, IS ABLE TO CONJURE UP VISIONS OF THE THREE PEOPLE THE SECRET POLICE MEN LOVE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH!



THE NEXT INSTANT, HE IS GONE!

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, MR. JUSTICE COMPLETES HIS JOURNEY TO THREE DIFFERENT CONCENTRATION CAMPS!



JUST AS THE THREE BODY-GUARDS REGAIN THEIR SENSES, MR. JUSTICE RETURNS..



MOTHER!

GRETCHEN!
MY WIFE!

HEDDA!
MY DAUGHTER!

YOU CANNOT HARM ME THROUGH MY FAMILY ANY LONGER!



NOR I!

I HAVE LONG AWAITED THIS MOMENT!

MR. JUSTICE! MR. JUSTICE! SAVE ME!



HOW CAN I SAVE YOU? YOU KNOW I CAN'T CROSS THE CIRCLE OF FIRE!

AS THE BAYONETS OF HIS OWN SECRET POLICEMEN THRUST CLOSER TO HIS BODY, THE POLICE CHIEF PLEADS IN VAIN...FOR HIS LIFE!



DON'T KILL ME! I'M AFRAID TO DIE!

NO!
NO!
NO!



ACROSS THE BORDER WHERE HANS MULLER AWAITS HIS RETURN!



HELLO, HANS!

MR. JUSTICE! WHERE IS CHRISTINE AND HER FATHER?... I KNOW THEY KILLED THEM! YOU DIDN'T GET THERE IN TIME!



DON'T JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS, HANS!

CHEER UP OLD BOY! I WAS BACK AT THE INN A WHILE AGO, AND BROUGHT SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS WITH ME! SORRY I DIDN'T HAVE TIME THEN, TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT, BUT NOW LOOK... UP ON THE PORCH OF THE INN!



HANS! HANS!

CHRISTINE! AND...AND MY FELLOW POLICEMEN, YOU'RE ALL SAFE WITH YOUR FAMILIES!



YOU HAVE GIVEN US ALL A CHANCE TO BE FREE MEN AGAIN...AND WE SHALL USE OUR NEW FREEDOM TO RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY TO FIGHT FOR THE LIBERTY OF OTHERS WHO ARE ENSLAVED BY THE DICTATOR AND HIS LIEUTENANTS!



GOOD BOY, HANS! AND I SHALL BE FIGHTING WITH YOU FOR THE SAME ULTIMATE VICTORY!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE DICTATOR HAS SUMMONED HIS THREE REMAINING LIEUTENANTS TO HIS HEADQUARTERS TO PREPARE THEM AGAINST THE RETURN OF MR. JUSTICE!



BUT MR. JUSTICE IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE CAPITOL TO CONTINUE HIS BATTLE AGAINST THE DICTATOR AND HIS EMPIRE OF EVIL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!

RANG-A-TANG

with THE WONDER DOG
RICHY, the AMAZING BOY

AS RANG, RICHY AND HY STROLL AROUND THE CIRCUS GROUNDS, ON THEIR LAST DAY WITH THE BIG SHOW BEFORE THEIR RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD....A FIGURE, KNIFE IN HAND, CREEPS INTO THE TICKET WAGON, AND...

by ED SMALLE JR.
AND JOE BLAIR



NOT FAR AWAY, THE
CRIME-BUSTING TRIO
HEAR THE SCREAM!

RICHY! THAT SCREAM!
WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

SOUNDED LIKE IT
CAME FROM
TH' TICKET
WAGON!

HELP!

IN WE GO,
BOYS!

I'M RIGHT WITH
YOU, HY!



THE CIRCUS OWNER MR. NORTH, MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...

WHAT'S HAPPENED HY?
TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF, JIM!

GOOD LORD!! HANSEN! WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS THING?



YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE MOTIVE WAS ROBBERY... ANY MONEY MISSING?

I'LL SAY! \$20,000! IT WAS TO BE PAID TOMORROW ON THE MORTGAGE! IF IT ISN'T RECOVERED, I LOSE THE SHOW!

THE WONDER DOG SNARLS AND SWINGS AROUND TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE WAGON!

WHAT'S UP, RANG?



HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT DOG?... IS HE ALWAYS VICIOUS? KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME! I ONLY CAME IN TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

MR. SPEED, THIS IS BILL KING, MY ADVANCE AGENT! HE'S BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME MONEY FROM TIME TO TIME, BUT WITH THAT \$20,000 MISSING, I'M AFRAID HE CAN'T HELP ME THIS TIME!

A MOMENT LATER, AS HY GOES BACK TO A DISCUSSION OF THE CASE, KING TAKES A KICK AT RANG...

THIS'LL ACCOMPLISH MY PURPOSE!

RANG LEAPS FOR KING...KNOCKING HIM DOWN!

WOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH RANG?

HELP! THIS MUTT IS ATTACKING ME!



AS YOU WERE, RANG!

GET HIM OFF!



EASY, OLD BOY! I KNOW THERE WAS SOME REASON WHY YOU LEAPED AT HIM... BUT WE CAN'T LET ON... UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHY!



I'VE GOT RANG, HY!

HOLD ON TO HIM, RICHY! I GUESS HE'S JUST FEELING ORNERY TODAY!

OH, YEAH?



PLEASE ACCEPT MY REGRETS AND APOLOGIES, MR. KING! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT HAPPENED?

THAT'S OKAY, SPEED! ONLY, I HOPE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TOO OFTEN!



IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, AT ANY RATE! ANY FRIEND OF JIM NORTH'S RATES WELL WITH ME!

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, SPEED!



THE GROUP LEAVES THE TICKET WAGON

I'M GOING TO LOCK THIS DOOR UNTIL I CALL THE POLICE! BUT WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE SHOW IS OVER SO WE WON'T CAUSE ANY DISTURBANCE!



RICHY! YOU TAKE RANG, AND WANDER OFF SOMEWHERE! I WANT HANSEN'S KILLER TO THINK HE'S SAFE IN COMING BACK TO THE TICKET WAGON.. BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS TO DO!



WHEN THE MEN SEPARATE KING SNEAKS INTO THE MENAGERIE TENT AND APPROACHES THE PYTHON'S CAGE....



HA! HUNGRY, ARE YOU?...WELL, YOU'LL EAT...YOU'LL EAT! JUST BE PATIENT!



HELLO, MR KING! TIME FOR THE PYTHON'S DINNER AGAIN!



OH, YES! YOU LEAVE THE MEAT HERE LENNIE! I'LL FEED HIM...LIKE I'VE BEEN DOING!

JUST DROP THE PIG HERE ANYWHERE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!



OKAY, ANYTHING YOU SAY!

SURE IS A FUNNY GUY! I CAN'T FIGURE HIM OUT! ALWAYS HANGING AROUND THE PYTHON CAGE AT FEEDIN' TIME!...OH, WELL, IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE! IF HE WANTS TO FEED HIM, LET HIM...THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY!



HA, HA! FEED THE PYTHON! SURE I'LL FEED HIM!

BUT NOT WITH THIS MEAT! I'LL JUST DRAG THIS PORKER OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE LOT AND BURY IT...LIKE I'VE BEEN DOING FOR A WEEK!



WHEN I TURN THAT PYTHON LOOSE, I WANT HIM TO BE HUNGRY ENOUGH TO GO AFTER THE FIRST LIVING THING HE SEES!... AND THAT'S GONNA BE THE ACE DETECTIVE MR. HY SPEED!



RANG AND RICHY, MEANTIME, ARE CARRYING ON THEIR PART OF HYS PLAN. AS THEY ROAM AROUND THE GROUNDS....

LET'S WANDER INTO THE ANIMAL TENT, RANG. ANY OBJECTIONS?



BOY! THAT PYTHON SURE IS A VICIOUS LOOKING THING! I'D HATE TO BE CAUGHT IN A DARK ALLEY WITH HIM!



RANG PICKS UP KING'S SCENT!

HEY, RANG! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



THE WONDER DOG LOPES OUT OF THE MENAGERIE....



RANG'S PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING! I WONDER WHAT TH' HECK HE'S UP TO NOW?



RANG-A-TANG HEADS STRAIGHT FOR KING!

SO, IT'S YOU AGAIN, HUH? WELL, I'M READY FOR YOU THIS TIME!



AS RANG LEAPS, KING SWINGS THE SHOVEL ABOVE HIS HEAD...



...AND CLOUTS THE WONDER DOG WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!



YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU! NOBODY HITS RANG AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!



BATTLING DESPERATELY WITH KING RICHY STUMBLES OVER A ROCK AND STARTS TO FALL!



I DIDN'T FIGURE ON HAVING THIS FIGHT, BUT IT DOESN'T HURT MY PLANS ANY!



IN FACT, HAVING THE DOG COME AFTER ME, SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF GOING AFTER HIM! WHEN I KICKED HIM WHILE IN THE TICKET WAGON, I DID IT FOR A GOOD REASON!



I KNEW HE'D JUMP ON MESSO WHILE I TUSSELED WITH HIM, I MANAGED TO PUT THE KEY TO THE SAFE ON HIS COLLAR WITH CHEWING GUM!



THE DETECTIVE WAS TOO DUMB TO FIGURE THAT OUT! IN FACT HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT THE \$20000 IS IN THE SAFE! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET IT WHEN I KILLED HANSEN, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE DETAIL NOW!



KING RETURNS TO THE MENAGERIE TENT.

NOW, MY HUNGRY FRIEND YOU ARE ABOUT TO GET YOUR JUST DESSERTS! OR SHOULD I SAY... YOUR MAIN COURSE? HA, HA!



KING HAULS THE PYTHON CAGE SILENTLY ACROSS THE LOT, AND EDGES IT UP TO THE TICKET WAGON!

KING CLIMBS ON TOP OF THE REPTILE'S WAGON AND LIFTS UP THE CAGE DOOR...

IF THAT STUPID FLAT-FOOT, HY SPEED, THINKS I DON'T KNOW HE'S IN THE TICKET WAGON, HE'S CRAZY! WE'LL SOON GET RID OF HIM, WON'T WE, MISTER PYTHON?



INSIDE THE TICKET WAGON.

SOMEONE'S FOOLING AROUND THE DOOR OUTSIDE! I GUESS THIS IS THE MURDERER I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



HY APPROACHES THE DOOR CAUTIOUSLY....



...AND YANKS IT OPEN!



HOLY SMOKE!

TAKEN ABACK HY RETREATS HASTILY...BUT AS HE STUMBLES OVER THE WASTEPAPER BASKET, HIS GUN FALLS FROM HIS HAND!



THE FLESH-HUNGRY PYTHON SLITHERS ACROSS THE FLOOR TOWARDS HY, WHO INCHES SLOWLY BACKWARDS...



THIS IS THE MOST HOPELESS SPOT I'VE EVER BEEN ON, IN MY WHOLE LIFE!

RANG-A-TANG, REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, SENSES HIS MASTER'S DANGER!



THE WONDER DOG WORKS RAPIDLY OVER THE POSTRATE FORM OF THE AMAZING BOY...



NOW I REMEMBER! KING KNOCKED US BOTH OUT! HE'S PROBABLY AFTER HY RIGHT NOW! LET'S GO, RANG!



SO THE KID AND THE DOG ARE BACK AGAIN, HUH? WELL, I DIDN'T WANT ANY GUN-PLAY.



LOOK OUT, RANG! HE'S GOT A GUN!



WITHOUT SLACKENING HIS SPEED, THE WONDER-DOG SPRINGS THROUGH SPACE WITH A MIGHTY LEAP!

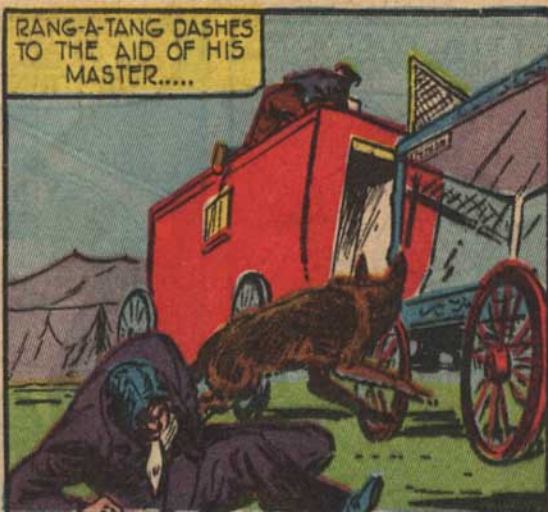


YIIII!!



KEEP 'IM BUSY RANG! I'LL TRY TO GET TO HY!









I DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING AROUND HERE THE LAST HOUR!

YOU WILL!



WE WERE RIGHT IN ASSUMING THAT HANSEN WAS KILLED BECAUSE SOMEONE KNEW YOU HAD \$20000 IN CASH IN THE WAGON! THE UNUSUAL ANGLE TO THIS CASE IS THAT THE MONEY WASN'T TAKEN OUT OF HERE! KING HAS THE KEY TO THE SAFE...TAKE IT FROM HIM AND

LOOK IN THE SAFE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, HY! THE MONEY IS ALL HERE! WHAT WAS THE BIG IDEA OF KILLING HANSEN?



FOR THE MONEY! HE INTENDED TO RETURN AND TAKE IT LATER! HE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO PAY YOUR MORTGAGE TOMORROW BECAUSE HE WOULD HAVE OWNED THE SHOW IF YOU LOST IT!



WELL, RICHY, CIRCUS LIFE IS PRETTY EXCITING, ISN'T IT?

I'LL SAY! HOLLYWOOD WILL HAVE TO GO SOME TO PROVIDE AS MANY THRILLS AS WE'VE HAD WITH THE BIG SHOW!

RICHY, RANG AND HY RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD IN NEXT MONTH'S *BLUE RIBBON COMICS*...AND THE CRIME-BUSTING TRIO FIND THE FABULOUS CINEMA COLONY IN THE GRIP OF A HORRIBLE, SINISTER TERROR THAT ALMOST BRINGS THEIR OWN CAREERS TO A CLOSE! DON'T MISS THE "CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD HORROR," IN NEXT MONTH'S *BLUE RIBBON COMICS*!



HAVE YOU JOINED THE SHIELD G-MAN CLUB, YET?

it's FREE!

THE **SHIELD** AND **DUSTY**, THE BOY DETECTIVE,

SMASH THROUGH INTO A TOUCHING HUMAN STORY OF A BOY WHOSE LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER OVERCOMES A GRIP OF STEEL THAT HAD BEEN FORGED INTO HIS SOUL BY A RUTHLESS CRIME-KING OF THE UNDERWORLD IN THE JULY ISSUE OF

PEP COMICS

the RANG-A-TANG CLUB

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

MEMBERSHIP



the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the Honor Legion.

1st Way—In keeping with your Rang-a-Tang oath of membership, write us a letter relating an exceptional deed you performed involving kindness or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wild life, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

- A.—All letters must be certified by parent or guardian.
- B.—All those who become charter members will have their names published in the pages of Blue Ribbon Comics.
- C.—Outstanding letters will be published on the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion page.

2nd Way—Enlist two of your friends as members of the Rang-a-Tang Club. Here's how to do it:

- A.—Just have them apply for membership to the club in the same way as you did.
- B.—Then drop me a post card giving me their names and addresses.
- C.—Make sure and write your own name and address on this card so that we can make you a charter member of the Honor Legion.

Charter members of the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion will receive a beautifully engraved Honor Legion diploma, suitable for framing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine; the author, Joe Blair; the artist, Ed Smalle, Jr., and myself.

Just remember this: It is only necessary to do one of the above two things to obtain charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Go to it!

HY SPEED

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Charles Bennett P. O. Box 230 Jonesville, La.	Diek De Kneef 607 Washington Oak Park, Ill.	Isaac Hagan 7 McCords Ave. Birkland Lake, Ont.
Malvin Saunders 19 N. Leonard St. Haterbury, Conn.	Michael Campanella 1414 Second Ave. New York City	Harold Schneider 13-50 River Rd. Fairlawn, N. J.
Joe Boyd Jonesville, La.	John Hakewiler 56 N. Cleveland Minster, Ohio	J. McKeane 389 E. 65th St. New York City
Jerry Humphries Abraham, Utah		

Everyone loves a dog. That is because down deep inside everyone is kind and because everyone seeks companionship. The old adage "Man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the Rang-a-Tang Club and to become a prospect for charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

The purpose of the Rang-a-Tang Club is to have fellowship among doglovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The Rang-a-Tang Club's veterinarian, Dr. Alexander Slawson will furnish to members of the club absolutely free by mail only, information about the care and training of dogs.

HOW TO JOIN THE

RANG-A-TANG CLUB

Fill in the coupon which contains the Rang-a-Tang Oath and mail it to Hy Speed together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the Rang-a-Tang Club will receive an embossed membership card and a Rang-a-Tang button as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's booklet "Highlights on the Health of Your Dog and Cat" and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only the professional advice of Dr. Alexander Slawson, veterinarian, absolutely free.

THIS MONTH'S HONOR LEGION LETTER

Dear Hy Speed,

One rainy afternoon as I was looking out of the window I saw a little lame dog who had no home at all. I took pity on the young creature. I picked him up gently and and took him home. I told my parents all about it and they told me I must take good care of him.

Every morning I always feed him and dress his legs. In a month the little pet was well and strong again and can walk like any other dog. He became one of my greatest friends.

Silvestre Hagan

QUESTIONNAIRE PRINT PLAINLY

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 BREED OF DOG..... SEX OF DOG.....
 APPROXIMATE WEIGHT..... CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR).....
 EYES..... NOSE..... BOWEL FUNCTIONS.....
 OTHER REMARKS.....

HY SPEED
 56 BLUE RIBBON COMICS
 160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

DEAR MR. SPEED:

PLEASE ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I ENCLOSE 10¢ IN COIN TO COVER COST OF HANDLING. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I AM TO RECEIVE MY MEMBERSHIP CARD AND A RANG-A-TANG BUTTON.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....
(PRINT CLEARLY)

CITY AND STATE..... AGE.....

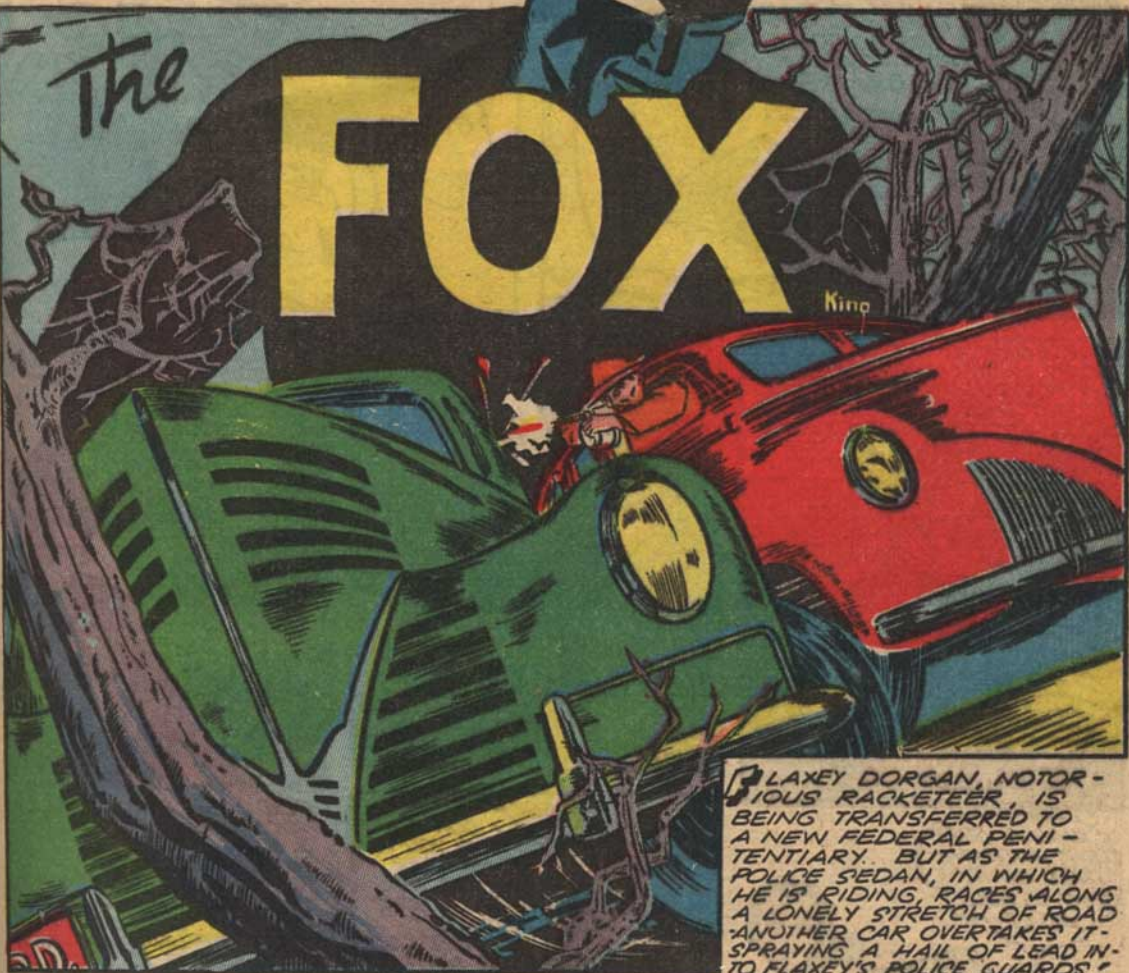
OATH ON MY HONOR, I PLEDGE MYSELF TO DEAL KINDLY WITH ALL ANIMALS, BE THEY IN DISTRESS OR OTHERWISE, TO DO A GOOD DEED WHENEVER I CAN. IN ALL PLACES, AT ALL TIMES, I WILL KEEP THIS PLEDGE CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART AND IN MY MIND. I DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR—

SIGN NAME.....

The

FOX

King



FLAXEY DORGAN, NOTORIOUS RACKETEER, IS BEING TRANSFERRED TO A NEW FEDERAL PENITENTIARY. BUT AS THE POLICE SEDAN, IN WHICH HE IS RIDING, RACES ALONG A LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD ANOTHER CAR OVERTAKES IT—SPRAYING A HAIL OF LEAD INTO FLAXEY'S POLICE GUARDS.

AS THE POLICE CAR CRASHES INTO A TREE, THREE FIGURES LEAP OUT OF THE OTHER CAR



I HOPE WE DIDN'T PLUG FLAXEY!



HERE I AM, BOYS! I DUCKED WHEN I SAW YOU COMIN'! BUT THE FLATFEET ARE DEAD—ER'N DOOR-NAILS!

AFTER RELEASING FLAXEY FROM THE HANDCUFFS, THE GUNMEN PUT HIM INTO THEIR CAR AND SPEED AWAY.



A SHORT TIME LATER - PAUL PATTON, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, AND RUTH RANSOM, GIRL REPORTER, ARE IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY GLOBE, WHEN...



"THIS IS THE CITY EDITOR. WHAT?? FLAXEY DORGAN ESCAPED! THE COPS WERE FOUND DEAD IN THEIR CAR OFF THE BOSTON POST ROAD! WOW!"

"LET'S GET GOING! GET YOUR CAMERA PAUL!"

"I'VE GOT IT! BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' CHIEF?"

"I'M GOIN' ALONG TO BE SURE YOU DON'T TAKE PICTURES OF THE WRONG CAR -"



"OH, OH! WHAT'S THIS I STEPPED ON! LOOKS LIKE A GOLD COIN OR SOMETHING!"



"WHAT A CRACK-UP I DON'T KNOW HOW FLAXEY GOT OUT ALIVE!"

THE TRIO ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



PAUL TAKES "SHOTS" FROM SEVERAL DIFFERENT ANGLES, WHEN...

"I THINK I GOT ENOUGH OF THIS! I'LL TAKE A CLOSE-UP OF THE COPS NOW!"



"HM! A CUFF LINK WITH INITIALS ON IT! 'E. G.'... WELL, WELL!"



"HEY CHIEF-I GOT SOMETHING!"

"I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE GOT MEASLES AS LONG AS YOU GOT YOUR PICTURES! NOW GET BACK AND DEVELOP 'EM FOR THE FIRST EDITION!"



"THAT CUFF-LINK PAUL PICKED UP WAS INITIALED 'E. G.'! THAT MIGHT BE 'EARS' GREEN! I THINK I'LL FOLLOW UP THAT TIP, TONIGHT!"

"'E. G.' ON THAT CUFF-LINK! HM! MIGHT BELONG TO 'EARS' GREEN! ANYHOW, THE FOX IS GOING TO CHECK ON THAT POSSIBILITY TONIGHT!"

THAT NIGHT—



PAUL PATTON BECOMES

THE FOX!

RUTH ARRIVES AT THE CLUB AND PARKS HER CAR!...



WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING! I HOPE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

MEANWHILE, IN THE REAR OFFICE OF THE "GREEN ROOM"—THE SWANKY NIGHT CLUB WHICH IS OPERATED BY "EARS" GREEN!...

SO WE SPRING FLAXEY SO WHAT'S IN IT FOR US? YOU GOT SOME KIND OF A PLAN, AIN'T YOU, EARS?

SURE! YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT IT WHEN I'M READY TO TELL YOU! GET IT?



WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, RUTH RANSOM STARTS OUT ON HER OWN INVESTIGATION!



I'M IN LUCK! WITH THE FLOOR SHOW GOING ON, NOBODY HAS SEEN ME COME BACK HERE!



THERE'S "EARS"— BUT I CAN'T SEE — YES, I CAN! HIS CUFFIT DOESN'T HAVE A CUFF-LINK IN IT! I AM ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



SH! QUIET, BOYS! SOMEBODY'S OUT HERE!

BUT ONE OF THE THUGS INSIDE THE OFFICE HAS HEARD RUTH AT THE DOOR!



WANNA COME IN WHERE YOU CAN GET A BETTER VIEW, BABE?

OOOH!

THE FOX ARRIVES AT THE CLUB, TOO - BUT MAKES HIS ENTRANCE THE HARD WAY!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL SPILL IT! WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' OUT 'SIDE?

LET'S GET RID OF HER!



WELL, I'LL BE-- RUTH!!! LOOK'S LIKE SHE GOT A VIEW OF THAT CUFF-LINK, TOO! WHAT A GAL!

THINK I'LL JUST TAKE A "PIG" OF THIS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE!



WHAT WAS THAT FLASH OF LIGHT OUT THERE?

IT WASN'T NOTHIN'! FORGET IT!

YEAH! LET'S GET THE GIRL OUT OF HERE!



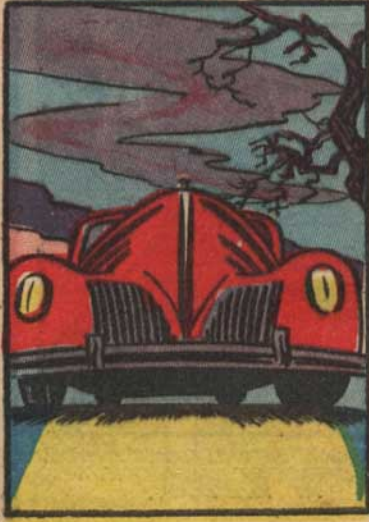
TWO OF THE GUNMEN DRAG RUTH OUT THE BACK DOOR...



GET IN THE CAR, SISTER! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU TO THE HIDEOUT! MAYBE FLAXEY CAN TELL US WHO YOU ARE! GO ON!... GET IN THERE!..

THE AUTOMOBILE ROARS OFF... THROUGH THE CITY... THE SUBURBS... AND INTO THE COUNTRY!

WITH THE FOX CLINGING TO THE REAR OF THE VEHICLE.





SWINGING OFF THE HIGHWAY, THE CAR FOLLOWS A MUDDY ROAD TO A SECLUDED HIDE-OUT!



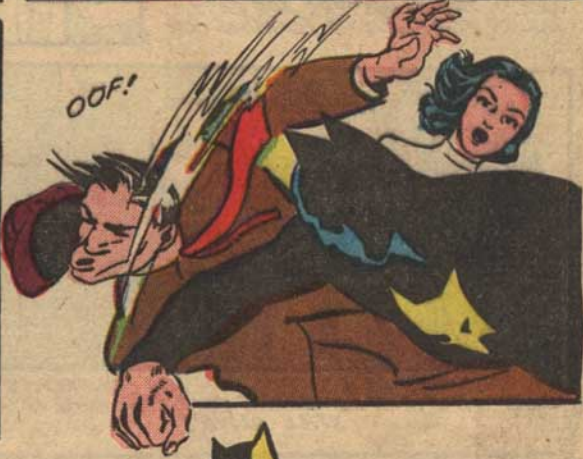
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER YOU KNOW FLAXEY OR NOT! AND, WHO YOU ARE!



THE FOX SLIPS UP BEHIND RUTH AND HER ASSAILANT!

AIN'T NO USE KICKIN'!!

LET ME GO! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



OOF!



I DON'T USUALLY GO AROUND PUSHING LADIES INTO DITCHES, BUT THIS IS NECESSARY!



TWEET

THE FOX GIVES A SHARP WHISTLE WITH HIS FINGERS - AND PICKS UP THE GUN THE GANGSTER DROPPED.



OKAY, BOYS!!! SURROUND THE PLACE! TAKE FLAXEY DEAD OR ALIVE!



INSIDE THE HOUSE, FLAXEY HEARS THE WHISTLE, THE GUNFIRE, AND THE SHOUTS OF THE FOX!

THE COPS! THEY'VE GOT ME SURROUNDED! I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT!



THE FOX ENTERS THE HOUSE THRU A REAR DOOR.



DROP THE GUN, FLAXEY! THE JIG'S UP!

OUTLINED CLEARLY AGAINST THE MOON, THE GANGSTERS ARE EASY MARKS FOR FLAXEY'S FLAMING GUN



I SURRENDER! DON'T SHOOT!



GET IN THE CAR, EARS! YOU KEEP THE GUN ON 'EM, RUTH! WE'LL ESCORT 'EM TO TOWN WHERE YOU CAN TURN 'EM OVER TO THE POLICE!

USING FLAXEY AS A SHIELD, THE FOX CONFRONTS "EARS"—THE ONLY REMAINING GANGSTER WHO IS STILL ALIVE!



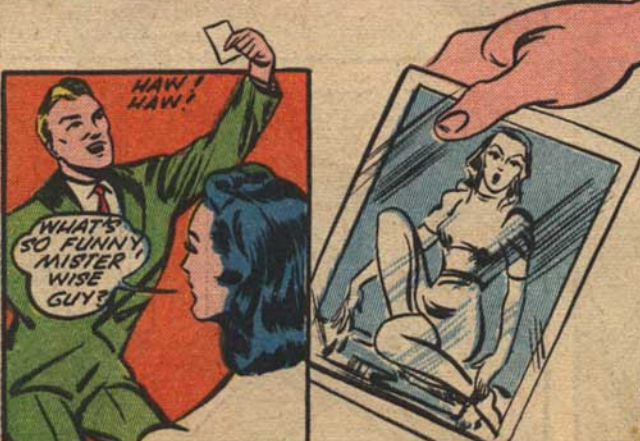
HERE'S THE EVIDENCE, MISS RANSOM! HAVE YOUR HANDSOME BOY FRIEND, PATTON, DEVELOP IT FOR YOU!

LATER, RUTH ARRIVES AT THE DAILY GLOBE!



HERE, GLAMOUR BOY! THE FOX CLEANED UP ON THE FLAXEY DORGAN CASE WHILE YOU WERE STILL THINKING ABOUT IT!

AGAIN?!



HAW! HAW!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, MISTER WISE GUY?



GIVE ME THAT PICTURE!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS IS THE PIC I'M HOLDING FOR A FUTURE "PAGE ONE"—IN CASE YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF!

THE END

Penny

PARKER

ZOCK



Ooo!

AT AN EXCLUSIVE COUNTRY CLUB IN WESTCHESTER, A GOLFER IS TRYING TO GET HIS BALL OUT OF THE ROUGH, WHEN SUDDENLY...



PERFECT SHOT! NOW TO GET THOSE 100'S OUT OF HIS POCKET!



HERE THEY ARE! WELL, MR. MERRIVALE, YOU'LL NEVER HOLD THESE OVER ME AGAIN!

NOW TO HOLLER FOR HELP! NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW THIS WASN'T AN ACCIDENT!

HELP!
HELP!

GOLFERS FROM ALL OVER THE COURSE COME A-RUNNING...



EASY, CHESTER, OLD BOY! IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! YOU COULDN'T HELP IT!

I REALLY CAN'T GET IT OFF MY MIND! I YELLED FORE BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! I SAW MERRIVALE LYING THERE!





WHASSA MATTER, PENNY?

OH THIS IS TERRIBLE, PUG! DICK MERRIVALE WAS KILLED BY A GOLF BALL! HIS WIFE, JANET, IS A FRIEND OF MINE!



COME IN! WHY, IT'S JANET MERRIVALE!

OH PENNY DEAR! I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU BECOMING A PRIVATE DETECTIVE!



...AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN COME TO FOR ADVICE!

I'LL TRY TO HELP YOU ALL I CAN OF COURSE! WHAT IS IT, JANET?



SOMEHOW I FEEL THAT THERE'S MORE TO DICK'S DEATH THAN APPEARS ON THE SURFACE! I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT DICK DIDN'T HAVE A CENT LEFT IN THE WORLD!



I DON'T CARE SO MUCH FOR THE MONEY, BUT I KNOW DICK'S BUSINESS WAS DOING WELL, AND....

HMM!... SUPPOSING WE GO RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR BANK, JANET!



YOUR BANKER IS SURE TO KNOW SOMETHING OF YOUR HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS!

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, PENNY!



THE BANK IS NOT SUPPOSED TO GIVE OUT INFORMATION ABOUT ITS CLIENTS, MISS PARKER..UNLESS IT'S TO THE POLICE!

I KNOW THAT, BUT SURELY YOU CAN TELL IT TO THE LATE MR. MERRIVALE'S OWN WIFE!



WELL, I SUPPOSE I CAN!...LET ME SEE...MY RECORDS SHOW THAT MR. MERRIVALE MADE OUT QUITE A FEW CHECKS OF CONSIDERABLE AMOUNTS TO MR. FRANK CHESTER FROM HIS PERSONAL ACCOUNTS!

OH YES! FRANK WAS DICK'S BEST FRIEND!



BEST FRIEND, EH? IF THOSE CHECKS WERE FROM MERRIVALE'S PERSONAL ACCOUNT, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN LOANS. FUNNY, THAT MR. CHESTER DIDN'T MENTION THEM TO JANET AFTER THE ACCIDENT!

ALL RIGHT, JANET YOU GO ON HOME! I'LL LOOK INTO THIS!



THANK YOU, PENNY...PERHAPS MY SUSPICIONS ARE FOOLISH!

GUESS THE DAME'S RIGHT, PENNY! NO REASON TO THINK IT WUZ'N'T AN ACCIDENT!



NO, PUG! THERE'S PLENTY OF REASON... WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE MR. CHESTER'S ROOM...WHEN HE'S NOT AT HOME!

THAT NIGHT....



ALL RIGHT, PUG! GET YOUR GUN OUT!... THIS IS THE FLOOR!

I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YER LOOKIN' FER, PENNY!



BUT I DO... AND I'VE GOT IT!

JUST THEN, CHESTER RETURNS TO GET SOMETHING HE FORGOT.



SNOOPERS!

PROWLERS, EH? YOU'RE IN MY APARTMENT, AND FOR ALL I KNOW, YOU'RE BURGLARS... SO, IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU!



HE...HE'S GONNA SHOOT US, PENNY!

NO HE'S NOT, PUG! GET HIM QUICK!



OOPH!



CLUNK

UKK!

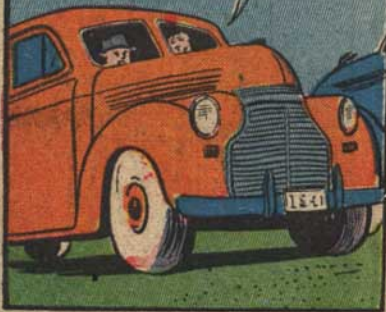
NICE PITCHING, PUG! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



NEXT MORNING...

WHERE TO NOW, PENNY?

TO THE GOLF COURSE OVER THERE, PUG! I WANT TO TALK TO THE PRO AND ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS CONCERNING MR. FRANK CHESTER!



OH, THERE'S THE PRO ON THE SECOND TEE!... COME ON, LET'S LEAVE THE CAR HERE!



WHY YES, MR. CHESTER'S QUITE AN EXPERT GOLFER! BETTER THAN I AM, IN FACT!

THAT CLINCHES IT! THEN IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE OF MURDER!

JUST THEN, PUG DETECTS A WHIZZING WHITE SPHERE SAILING AT PENNY...



LOOK OUT!



THERE GOES THE ONE WHO FIRED THE GOLF-BALL!



IT'S FRANK CHESTER! WELL, I'M RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT, MR. CHESTER!



ARREST THAT MAN, HE TRIED TO KILL THAT GIRL! I'LL VOUCH FOR IT!



AND I'LL VOUCH FOR THE FACT THAT HE MURDERED MR. MERRIVALE TO KEEP HIM FROM PAYING THESE I.O.U.'S! IT'LL BE A LOT EASIER FOR YOU, IF YOU'LL CONFESS! YES, YES... I... I'LL CONFESS!



LATER... WELL, JANET, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO COLLECT EVERY CENT ON THOSE I.O.U.'S AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT..... A MURDERER WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!

I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU, PENNY!

DEATH PAYS A WEEK-END VISIT TO A PROMINENT MILLIONAIRE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS.

BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE, CORP.. ESPECIALLY AFTER THAT HOT AFRICAN SUN! WATCH THIS SWAN DIVE!

Corporal COLLINS INFANTRYMAN

PRETTY NICE FORM THERE, KID, BUT WATCH OUT FOR YOUR FEET ON THESE ROCKS. THEY'RE COVERED WITH BARNACLES!

CORPORAL COLLINS AND SLAPSIE HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED TO A SMALL BRITISH-OCCUPIED ISLAND IN THE AEGEAN SEA, MIDWAY BETWEEN THE GREEK MAINLAND AND THE DODECANESE

SLAPSIE! YOU'LL CUT YOUR FEET TO RIBBONS! HEY!.. DO YOU HEAR ME?

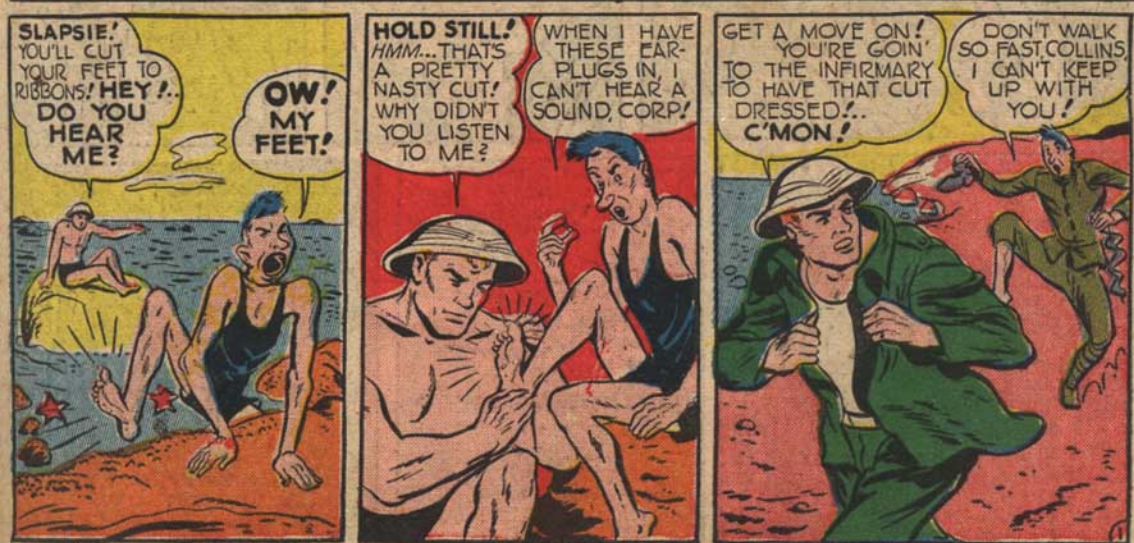
OW! MY FEET!

HOLD STILL! HMM... THAT'S A PRETTY NASTY CUT! WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?

WHEN I HAVE THESE EAR-PLUGS IN, I CAN'T HEAR A SOUND CORP!

GET A MOVE ON! YOU'RE GOIN' TO THE INFIRMARY TO HAVE THAT CUT DRESSED!.. C'MON!

DON'T WALK SO FAST, COLLINS! I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU!



MEANWHILE

SOMEHOW, CORP ALWAYS MANAGES TO LOUSE ME UP... NUTS!



HA HA HA HE HE HE HA HA HA HA HA

I SHOULD WORRY! MAYBE THIS MAGAZINE HAS SOME GOOD STORIES!



CAN PARACHUTE TROOPS SUCCESSFULLY INVADE BRITAIN?
By MAJ. E. KENNAT, K.O., K.G., K.C., B., F.R.O.

SON OF A SEACOOK! THE PAGE IS JUMPIN'! I KNEW I'D BEEN USING MY EYES TOO MUCH!



I WISH SLAPSIE'D LEARN TO QUIT BLOWING OFF ABOUT HIMSELF... WHAT'S THAT?



CORP! HEY, COLLINS, COME QUICK! I'M GOING BLIND!



WOW! CHUTISTS! MUST BE THE ADVANCE GUARD OF A BLITZKRIEG! C'MON BOYS LET'S GO GET 'EM!



THEY'VE SEEN US! NOW TO GET THROUGH TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER!



FAN OUT AND SURROUND THESE APES! DON'T LET A SINGLE ONE GET AWAY! CAREFUL, I SEE THEY BROUGHT THEIR POP GUNS!





ALL RIGHT, YOU ASSORTED HANGOVERS, LINE UP!

SHH! I HAVE A VERY URGENT MESSAGE TO DELIVER TO THE COMMANDER! PRETEND TO TAKE ME ASIDE FOR QUESTIONING!

?



WELL, WELL, IS IT? IF THIS IS A STALL ...

I'M ATTACHED TO THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE! HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS!



I'VE BEEN OPERATING IN THE BALKANS FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS! THE NAZIS ARE PLANNING AN ALL OUT AIR INVASION ON THIS ISLAND TONIGHT!



YOU SEE SIR THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF THIS ISLAND MAKES IT A PERFECT AIRBASE FOR THE GERMANS IN AN ATTACK ON THE DARDANELLES.

OF COURSE, MAN! WHAT TIME IS THE INVASION PLANNED FOR?



I COULDN'T FIND THAT OUT, BUT HERE IS THE FREQUENCY OF THE SHORT WAVE SENDER THAT WILL LAUNCH THE ATTACK!

THEY MAY START COMING OVER ANY TIME! COLLINS TAKE CHARGE OF DEFENSE PREPARATIONS!



REPORT TO THE GENERAL IMMEDIATELY! SEEN SLAPSIE?

YEAH! HE WAS HERE LOOKING FOR HIS DICE ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES BACK!



REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS RIGHT AWAY! SEEN SLAPSIE?

YEAH, ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO WITH HIS GALLOPING DOMINOES! HE CLEANED UP US!



EIGHT... NINE...TEN! 'ATSA OKEY-DOKE!

SLAPSIE!



NOW LISTEN AND TRY TO GET THIS STRAIGHT! WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT THE HEINIES ARE ATTEMPTING AN INVASION TONIGHT! THERE MAY OR MAY NOT BE ANY TRUTH TO THE STORY, BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED!

INVASION? TONIGHT?...WHAT DO WE DO, CORP?



I'VE LOOKED EVERY PLACE! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON... OH!!



OUR WHOLE DEFENSE WILL DEPEND ON YOU AS WE NEED EVERY OTHER MAN ON THE GUNS! THE SIGNAL FOR THE RAID WILL COME OVER THIS STATION!

MAIN WIRELESS RECEIVER



NOW KEEP YOUR EAR GLUED TO THAT SPEAKER AND SIGNAL US WHEN YOU HEAR ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!

ON THE JOB, CORP! YOU GOT' NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT GEE! WHAT A RACKET THE BOYS ARE MAKIN'!



HURRY, MEN! GET THOSE GUNS SET UP! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON SPEED!



THAT DOES IT! NOthin' TO DO NOW, BUT WAIT!



THIS WILL PROBABLY BE A STIFF SIEGE THE ENTIRE GARRISON CONCENTRATED ON THE NORTH SHORE?

EVERY MAN IN THE PLACE IS BEHIND A GUN! SLAP-SIE'S IN THE RADIO SHACK!



LATER.....

WHAT CAN BE HOLDING 'EM UP? IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT! I WONDER...



SUDDENLY!



THEY'RE HERE!! KEEP THOSE GUNS GOING! MAKE YOUR SHOTS COUNT!

TAT TAT



SLAPSIE! THEY MUST HAVE KILLED SLAPSIE, OR ELSE HE WOULD HAVE WARNED US! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SLAPSIE!



SLAPSIE! FLIGHT THREE ISS NOW APPROACHING THE SCENE OF THE RAID! FLIGHT FOUR PREPARE TO TAKE OFF...



HEY, ARE YOU DEAF?

FLIGHT TWO HAS RETURNED TO THE BASE... REPORT BRITISH DEFENSE WEAKENING... FLIGHT FOUR...

OH H YA CORP! NOTHIN' YET! GUESS THEY'RE NOT COMIN'. WHAT'D YOU SAY?



ARE YOU BATTY? CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT RADIO OR THE AIR RAID OUTSIDE?

HERE'S WHY I COULDN'T HEAR YOU, CORP! MY EAR STOPPERS! I MUSTA FORGOT 'EM... HEH, HEH!



EAR STOPPERS! YOU FATHEAD, OF ALL THE HARE-BRAINED STUNTS! I OUGHTA BREAK YOU IN HALF!

FLIGHT FIVE... BLA BLA STAND BY TO CLICK!



SOUT' OF DE BORDER DOWN MEXICO WAY...

HEY! I THOUGHT THAT SONG WAS BANNED IN GERMANY!



ACH JA, SOUTH OF DE BO...R...DER...



GET A LOAD OF THAT DRUMMER, CORP! THAT'S REAL ICKEY!

THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT! IT ALSO HAPPENS TO BE MORSE CODE!

HIGH COMMAND CALLING! LAND ON SOUTH SHORE AND SURPRISE ENEMY FROM THE REAR! YOU SHOULD ENCOUNTER NO OPPOSITION!



SOUTH! I GET IT! WOW! LOOK AT THOSE LIGHTS! C'MON, SLAPSIE, WE'RE GOING TO CATCH SOME FISH!



GEE CORP A SWELL BAND AND YOU WANT TO GO FISHING!

NO TIME TO GET HELP... C'MON!



ONCE THEY LAND WE DON'T STAND A CHINA-MAN'S CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM LANDING!!



SHELLS ARE STORED IN THE VAULT BENEATH THAT FLAT ROCK, KID! HAUL 'EM OUT FAST! WHEW! THEY'RE REALLY CLOSE!



KEEP RIGHT BEHIND ME, SLAPSIE! IF WE STOP FOR A MINUTE WE'RE LOST! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM LANDING UNTIL THE TIDE GOES OUT!



VOT ISS? VE HAFF BEEN TRICKED! STAND BY!



HERE COMES THEIR FIRST SHELL! WOW! TOO CLOSE! HEY, KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!



THE BOYS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND CAN'T HEAR THROUGH ALL THE RACKET. THAT PHONEY AIR RAID IS KICKING UP, SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO BRING BACK REINFORCEMENTS!

AW CORP YOU CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF ALONE!



DE GUNS HAFF STOP! DEY MUST BE WIPED OUT! FORWARDS! FULL SCHPEED AHEAD!



LOOK AT THOSE RUBBER DOUGHNUTS TRAVEL! MUST BE HUNDREDS OF 'EM!



RUN DE BOATS RIGHT UP ON DE BEACH! DE SURF VILL CARRY US IN!



AS THE RUBBER BOATS RUN UP ON THE ROCKS THE SHARP SHELLS RIP THEM OPEN!

VE SINK!

ACH! DE UNDERTOW! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

ACH!

?



NO CARD? SORRY, NO ONE GETS IN WITHOUT A CARD! GOOBY, NOW!



YOU'RE NOT CLEAN ENOUGH YET! GO BACK AND WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS!

SOCK!



I CAUGHT THIS GUY SIGNALIN' TO THE HEINIES! FROM THE REAL RADIO SHACK! I THINK HE'S A SPY!

THAT'S IT! HE WAS SENT TO KEEP OUR ATTENTION FOCUSED ON THE NORTH SHORE SO THAT WE'D MISS THE REAL INVASION!



WONDERFUL INVENTION, CORP! THESE RUBBER CAR STOPPERS!

SURE ARE, SLAPSIE! THEY KEPT YOU FROM HEARING THE WRONG RADIO PROGRAM!

WITH THE WOULD-BE INVADERS TAKEN PRISONER, WE LEAVE CORPORAL COLLINS UNTIL NEXT MONTH!

A NEW EXCITING, MYSTERY-PACKED FEATURE

THE HANGMAN!



HE APPEARS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, FIERCING THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS WITH CHILLING, SOUL-TEARING FEARS!



WHO IS THIS GRIM HARBINGER OF JUSTICE? HOW DOES HIS LIFE APPEAL THE RETRIBUTION THAT IS METED OUT TO THAT OTHER SAVIOUR OF THE OPPRESSED...THE COMET?



THE HANGMAN APPEARS IN *PEP* COMICS IN ADDITION TO THAT GREATEST OF ALL COMIC MAGAZINE FEATURES, THE SHIELD, WITH BOY THE SUPERBOT.

STARTING IN THE JULY ISSUE OF **PEP** COMICS
2 BIG LEAD STORIES!

SPECIAL OFFERING FOR **BLUE RIBBON** comics FANS



DON'T FAIL TO GET YOUR *Copy!*

ON THE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE **NEXT MONTH**

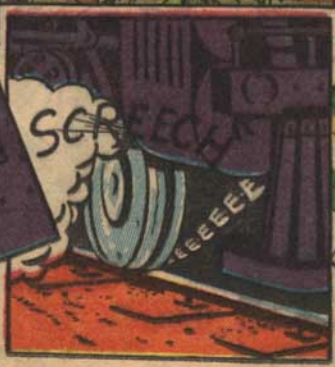
A PICTURE OF STEEL STERLING HIS PALS - CLANCY, LOONEY... AND DORA

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!

MIDNIGHT... AND A FREIGHT TRAIN TRAVELING FROM THE SOUTHWEST RUMBLES ON TO A TRESTLE - ITS HEADLIGHT SUDDENLY OUTLINING A SERIES OF LOGS PROTRUDING BETWEEN THE RAILS!

Inferno

THE FLAME BREATHER





I WONDER WHO'S IDEA OF A JOKE THIS IS? THESE AREN'T LOGS- THEY'RE ONLY PIECES OF BARK ROLLED UP TO LOOK LIKE LOGS! LET'S GET BACK TO THE TRAIN AND GET GOING!



HEY! THE ENGINE'S STARTING! THE TRAIN IS COMIN' AT US! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED! JUMP!



THAT'S THE END OF THE CREW! THE STUPID UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE WILL BE RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES, WONDERING WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE TRAIN!



THE FAST FREIGHT RUMBLES ON THRU THE NIGHT... AND THEN COMES TO A STOP ALONG A SHRUB-BORDERED STRETCH OF TRACK!



AS THE TRAIN IDLES, THE SHRUBBERY PARTS LIKE A HUGE STAGE SETTING, AND A SECTION OF CONCEALED TRACK SLIDES OUT TOWARD THE RIGHT-OF-WAY!



THE TRACK FASTENS ITSELF TO THE RIGHT-OF-WAY, AND THE TRAIN STARTS MOVING AGAIN...



AS THE TRAIN STEAMS AWAY, THE TRACK SLIDES BACK INTO THE SHRUBBERY WHICH CLOSSES BEHIND IT!



THE NEXT MORNING— AT A LIVE-STOCK SIDING SEVERAL MILES FROM THE TRESTLE, INFERNO IS EARNING AN HONEST LIVING AS AN ORDINARY RAILROAD LABORER!



THE ENGINEER OF THE ILL-FATED TRAIN, STAGGERS ALONG THE TRACKS TOWARD INFERNO!



WE WERE TRICKED! TRAIN STOLEN... MY CREW DEAD... I MANAGED TO GET HERE... BUT I... OW-W-W-



SUDDENLY, A GUN-BATTLE BREAKS OUT IN THE STOCK PENS

BANG



PURSUED BY OTHER ARMED MEN, A LONE FIGURE RUNS BETWEEN THE ROWS OF PENS AND THEN— A BULLET STRIKES HIM AND DROPS HIM TO THE GROUND!



THE NEXT MOMENT—THE RACING FIGURE OF THE FLAME BREATHER FIERY CHAMPION OF RIGHT OVER NIGHT!



THIS MAN IS A G-MAN! HIS BADGE IS INSIDE HIS COAT! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO SAFETY!





OUR SECRET AGENTS IN EUROPE SENT US MESSAGES WHICH WERE PUT IN CAPSULES AND FED TO STEERS! IT'S THE SAFEST WAY TO GET INFORMATION INTO THIS COUNTRY ABOUT OUR ENEMIES!



BUT FOREIGN SPIES STOLE THE WHOLE TRAIN TO THROW US OFF THE TRAIL! THE REST OF WHAT WE KNOW IS IN A MESSAGE IN MY POCKET! GET IT, TO THE F.B.I. IM DONE FOR!



THOSE GUNMEN ARE LYING LOW OUT THERE UNTIL I SHOW MY FACE! ID BETTER READ THIS MESSAGE AND DESTROY IT.

IN CASE I FALL INTO THEIR HANDS!



THIS SAYS THE STOLEN TRAIN ONLY HAD "DECOY" STEERS ON IT! THE STEERS WITH THE REAL MESSAGES ARE ON A TRAIN DUE HERE IN AN HOUR! I WONT HAVE TIME TO CONTACT THE F.B.I! ILL HAVE TO GO TO THAT TRAIN MYSELF! HERE I GO!

AS INFERNO MAKES A DASH TOWARDS THE RAILROAD, HE IS ATTACKED BY THE GUNMEN.



I ONLY WISH I HAD TIME TO STAY AROUND AND REALLY POLISH YOU GUYS OFF!



FIGHTING AGAINST TIME THE FLAME-BREATHER RACES OVER A MOUNTAINOUS PASS, AFFORDING A SHORT-CUT TO THE APPROACHING FREIGHT TRAIN!



A HALF HOUR LATER...



WHEN! I ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT! I FEEL LIKE A COMMUTOR TRYING TO CATCH THE 5:15!

AT THE TUNNEL EXIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!



HERE SHE COMES! GET READY!

THE FOREIGN AGENTS LEAP ONTO THE SPEEDING TRAIN!



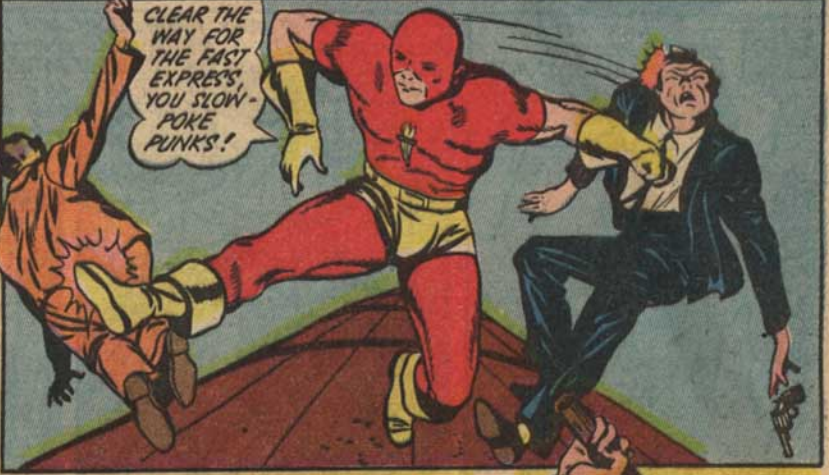
TWO OF THEM TAKE THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN BY SURPRISE WHILE THEIR COMRADES KEEP WATCH ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR!



HAAL!



SO! THE BOYS WERE WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL!



CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE FAST EXPRESS, YOU SLOW-POKE PUNKS!



CAN I COME IN AND PLAY ENGINEER WITH YOU?



THE FLAME BREATHER WADES INTO ONE OF THE HI-JACKERS...



THE SPIES' LEADER RAISES THE SHOVEL ABOVE INFERNO'S HEAD...

BUT INFERNO WHIRLS AROUND JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE BLOW!



LATER, AT THE STOCK PENS, F.B.I. MEN WATCH THE APPROACH OF THE TRAIN!



BE READY FOR TROUBLE, MEL! HERE IT COMES!



G-MEN! GOOD! I'LL TURN THE TRAIN OVER TO THEM!



BUT I'M NOT STAYING AROUND FOR THE 'TRANSFER' CEREMONIES.



I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS HAPPENED BUT THESE ARE THE SPIES WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



GOSH! ARE YOU FELLOWS REAL G-MEN? YOU MUST HAVE AN EXCITING LIFE! WISH I COULD BE ONE!

YOU STICK TO YOUR JOB, BUDDY! IT'S MUCH SAFER THAN OUR KIND OF LIVING!

THE END

FREE!

ALL MEMBERS OF THE SHIELD G-MAN CLUB WILL RECEIVE A MEMBERSHIP CARD, PERSONALLY SIGNED BY JOE HIGGINS (THE SHIELD) AND A FULLY-COLORED MEMBERSHIP BADGE!



This is to certify that
JOHN FRAZER
is a member in good standing of the
SHIELD G-MAN CLUB
and is entitled to all privileges pursuant
thereof.
JOE HIGGINS (The Shield)

ALL YOU NEED TO DO, TO JOIN THE SHIELD IN HIS BATTLE AGAINST CRIME, IS PURCHASE A COPY OF PEP COMICS, AND FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE SHIELD G-MAN CLUB PAGE!

MEMBERSHIP IS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

LOOP LOGAN

Air Ace

LOOP AND HIS SERVANT BOY, CLATRA WERE SENT TO AN OASIS IN THE HEART OF THE LIBYAN DESERT, WHERE THE CHIEFS OF THE ARAB TRIBES WERE GATHERED IN IMPORTANT ASSEMBLY. BY VANQUISHING AN ITALIAN OFFICER IN A HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE, LOOP LOGAN CONVINCED THE ARABS THEY SHOULD JOIN WITH THE BRITISH INSTEAD OF THE ITALIANS.... BUT THE ITALIAN OFFICER LEAVES THE OASIS AND HURRIES OVER A SAND DUNE WHERE AN ENTIRE ITALIAN ARMORED DIVISION LIES IN WAIT...



WE WILL ATTACK DA OASIS ATTA ONCE! WE WIPE OUTTA SIGNOR LOGAN AND-A ALL THESE-A ARAB CHIEFS! IT'SA GONNA BE ONE-A BEEG-A LOSS TO DA ENEMY!

MIO CAPITANO! LOOK-A ON-A DUNE! HE'S-A ARAB SPY ON-A HORSEBACK!

GETTA DA GUN AND-A SHOOT HEEM! HE-A MUST NOT GET BACK TO DA OASIS!



AS THE ARAB SCOUT WHEELS HIS HORSE ABOUT, AN ITALIAN BULLET FINDS ITS MARK!





THE ARABS GATHER UP ALL THE WINE BOTTLES AND KEROSENE LAMPS IN THE CAMP!



THAT'S THE BOY CLATRA! FILL THOSE BOTTLES ABOUT HALF FULL OF KEROSENE! BUT DON'T LOSE THE CORKS! WE'LL NEED 'EM!



NOW, WE'LL RIP THESE CLOTHS INTO NARROW STRIPS...



ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DROP ONE END OF THE CLOTH INTO THE BOTTLE OF KEROSENE, THEN PUT THE CORKS IN TO KEEP THE CLOTH IN PLACE!



THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS KNOWN AS THE 'MOLOTOV COCKTAIL'! WAIT UNTIL THE TANKS ARE WITHIN FIRING RANGE, THEN LIGHT THE CLOTH, AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!



OUR MAN AT THE TOP OF THE PALM TREE REPORTS THE TANKS ARE APPROACHING!



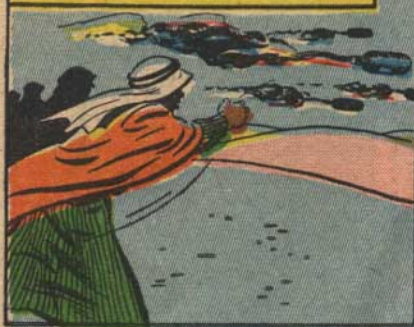
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE VANGUARD OF THE FASCIST DIVISION RUMBLES TOWARDS THE OASIS!



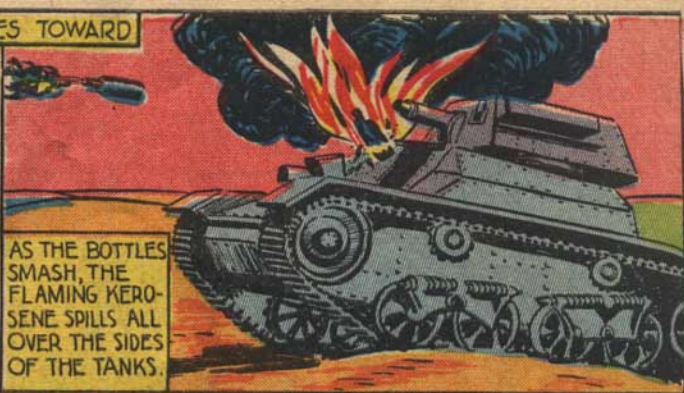
OKAY! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



THE ARABS HURL THE FLAMING BOTTLES TOWARD THE ONCOMING TANKS!



AS THE BOTTLES SMASH, THE FLAMING KEROSENE SPILLS ALL OVER THE SIDES OF THE TANKS.



THE CREWS OF THE LEADING TANKS ARE ROASTED ALIVE IN THEIR MACHINES...



WELL, WE BROKE UP THE FIRST WAVE OF ATTACK, BUT AS SOON AS THEY REORGANIZE THEY'LL ATTACK AGAIN...AND OUR COCKTAIL SUPPLY IS RUNNING LOW!..SO, IF I CAN BORROW A HORSE....



I'LL TRY TO GET TO MY PLANE! WE WERE FORCED DOWN NOT FAR AWAY! HAND ME A CAN OF PETROL AND THEN COVER ME WHEN I BREAK OUT OF HERE!



I GET PETROL, MASTER!

OKAY, BUDDIES! HERE I GO! HOLD 'EM OFF AS LONG AS YOU CAN! IF I'M NOT BACK SOON, I'LL BE LYING OUT ON THE DESERT, SOMEWHERE!



AMID A HAIL OF MACHINE GUN SLUGS FROM THE NEXT WAVE OF TANKS, LOOP GALLOPS OUT OF THE OASIS AND HEADS ACROSS THE SANDS...



SOMETIME LATER,
LOOP LOCATES HIS
PLANE FIVE
MILES TO THE NORTH.



I HOPE I HAVE
ENOUGH PETROL TO GET
THIS BUGGY INTO THE AIR!
IF I DON'T, CLATRA AND THE
ARABS ARE
DONE FOR!



THE PLANE TAKES OFF AS LOOP
HAULS HIS LANDING GEAR INTO
THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF THE
SHIP!



MEANWHILE, THE
ARABS AWAIT THE
NEXT ATTACK!



HERE THEY COME! MAKE
EVERY BOTTLE COUNT! WE
HAVE ONLY A FEW LEFT! IN
FACT, THERE IS ONLY ONE
TO EACH
MAN!



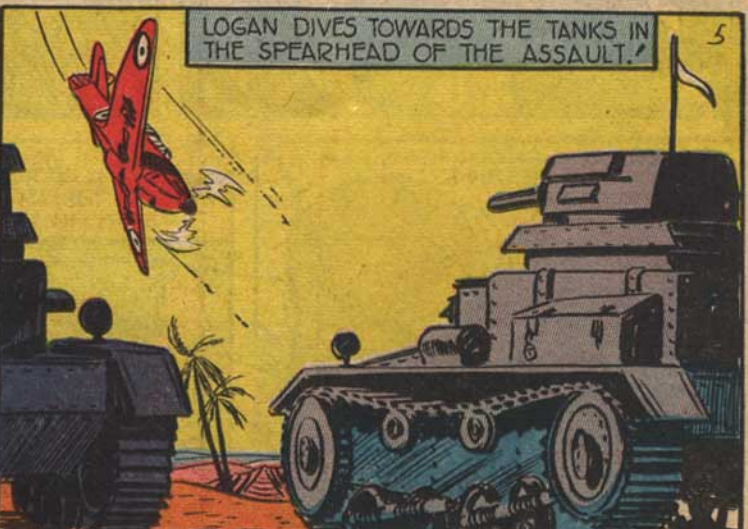
THE FASCIST DIVI-
SION AGAIN RUM-
BLES TOWARDS
THE OASIS....



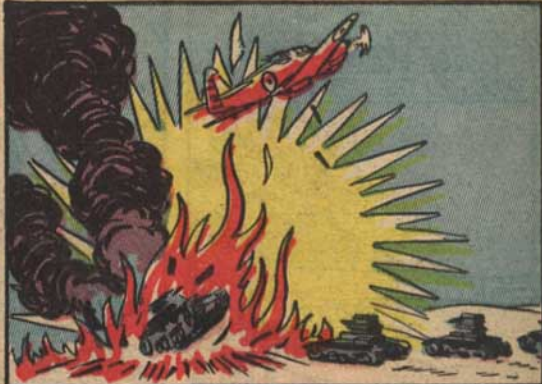
LOOK! IS
MASTER,
COMING IN
PLANE!



LOGAN DIVES TOWARDS THE TANKS IN
THE SPEARHEAD OF THE ASSAULT!



LOOP RELEASES HIS RACKLOAD OF BOMBS!



RETREAT! IT'S-A-NO GOOD! IN-A FACT, IT'S-A LOUSY! RETREAT!

LOGAN PURSUES THE ROUTED TANKS, TAKING POT-SHOTS WITH HIS FORWARD GUNS!



ALLAH BE PRAISED!

LOGAN SAVED OUR LIVES!

HURRAY FOR LOGAN!



HI-YA, CHUMS! HAD A CLOSE CALL THAT TIME, DIDN'T WE?...BUT THOSE COCKTAILS SURE TURNED THE TRICK!



NOW LOGAN, ALL OF OUR TRIBAL LEADERS WILL RETURN TO THEIR CAMPS AND ORGANIZE THEIR MEN TO FIGHT WITH THE BRITISH! WE WILL PUSH THE ITALIANS CLEAR INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN!

AND THUS WITH THE AID OF THE ARAB CHIEFS, WAVELL'S ARMY OF THE NILE COMPLETELY WIPES OUT THE LAST TRACES OF ITALIAN MASTERY IN LIBYA!



LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA FLY INTO THE GERMAN-INFESTED BALKANS NEXT MONTH, TO SUPPORT THE GREEK DEFENSE AGAINST THE AXIS PUSH THRU BULGARIA! DON'T MISS THIS THRILLING ADVENTURE!

IT'S

A MATTER OF ARITHMETIC

BLACK HOOD



Simple **plus**

the Wizard
WITH
ROY, THE SUPER-BOY



TOSS IN

NOW ADD A DASH OF

STIR WELL WITH

AND

THE FIREFLY



BOB PHANTOM



FRAN FRAZER



THE WEST POINTER



Now Remember

NOT TO SUBTRACT



WINGS JOHNSON



THE ST. LOUIS KID



KARDAK

AND IT ALL ADDS UP TO

Featuring
THE **BLACK HOOD**
TOP NOTCH
NO. 16 JUNE
comics



THE BEST COMIC
MAGAZINE BUY-ON
YOURS, OR ANY NEWSSTAND

the Green Falcon

DEEP IN THE FORESTS-IN THE SO CALLED "PRIVATE DOMAIN" OF THE KING OF ENGLAND-JOHN'S SOLDIERS ARE BUSY AT THE WORK OF THEIR MASTER'S FAVORITE PASTIME-PERSECUTING THE PEASANTRY!

BURN DOWN THIS HOME! WE'LL TEACH THESE SCUM TO LIVE ON HIS MA JESTY'S PRIVATE DO-MAIN!

COURAGE, DEAR!

WHERE CAN WE GO? HOW SHALL WE LIVE? OOF!

THAT'S NO CONCERN OF OURS! OFF WITH YOU!

SUDDEN-
LY...

LOOK! A...
A... GREEN
FALCON!

© 1940 WALTER DEAN PATTERSON

FLEE MEN! WHENEVER THAT CURSED BIRD APPEARS, THE GREEN FALCON IS SURE TO FOLLOW!



FROM OUT THE TREES' BRANCHES THREE FIGURES PLUMMET DOWN



FALCON! DON'T KILL US! HERE IS OUR GOLD!



THEY SING A DIFFERENT TUNE EH, TINY?



LOOK, FALCON, A ROSE BUSH WITH SUCH LOVELY THORNS! 'TIS A SHAME NOT TO USE THEM!

AYE! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



THE CRAVEN SOLDIERS ARE TIED TO ROPES HANGING FROM THE BRANCHES-- NOW THEN TINY AND JOLLY... WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

ONE TWO



THREE!

OWOOOO!



HA, HA, LOOK AT THEM RUN!

LIKE MICE SCAMPING FOR THEIR HOLES! HA! HA!

OUR COMPLIMENTS TO JOHN, VARLETS!



HERE, GOOD FOLK IS THE GOLD! I TOOK FROM THEM. IT WILL REPAY THE DAMAGE THEY DEAL!

BLESS YOU, FALCON!



THE FALCON RETURNS TO HIS ABODE IN THE FOREST.

GREETINGS, MARION, SWEET WIFE! LOOK A PEASANT GAVE US THIS FOR SUPPER!

I CANNOT COOK THE POR-
KER WITHOUT WATER.
SO OFF TO THE STREAM
WITH YOU AND FETCH
ME SOME!



THE WATER IS
MUDDY HERE. LET
US GO ON THE BRIDGE
AND DRAW IT FROM
THE MIDDLE!



UHM! I CAN
ALMOST
TASTE THAT
PORK MEAT
ALREADY!
FALCON!

JUST THEN A HELMETED
FIGURE STARTS ACROSS
THE BRIDGE—



LOOK YOU
S'IRS. I'M
IN A HURRY!
STAND
ASIDE AND
LET ME
PASS!

BIDE YOUR
TIME, KNIGHT.
WE'LL BE
OFF SOON!



STAND ASIDE,
NOW, I SAY.
I DON'T WISH
TO WAIT!

HMM! A
VERY IN-
SISTENT
FELLOW,
EH?



SO! 'TIS A QUARREL
YOU SEEK. I'LL GIVE
YOU ONE. DEFEND
YOURSELF, OAF!

WITH PLEAS-
URE!



I'LL KNOP
YOUR SCOP
YOU KNAVE!



TALK
IS CHEAP
FELLOW!

BOP





NOW OVER THE RAIL WITH YOU!

NEVER!

STOP! DON'T KILL THE GREEN FALCON PLEASE!



BLESS ME! THE GREEN FALCON, DID YOU SAY? HA, HA, HA!

THAT LAUGH! I RECOGNIZE IT! OH! BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE!



IT IS TRUE, SWEET MARION! IT IS YOUR GODFATHER, I, RICHARD, ESCAPED AT LAST, FROM THE SARACENS. I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR LOYALTY FOR ME, FALCON!



KING RICHARD! THANK GOD FOR YOUR RETURN!

OH, SIRE! HOW GLAD I AM TO HAVE YOU BACK! (SOB, SOB)



I AM AN OUTLAW IN THE EYES OF YOUR BROTHER, JOHN, I OWE MY LIFE TO THE FACT THAT MARION IS MY WIFE!

SHE COULD NOT HAVE CHOSEN A HUSBAND MORE TO MY LIKING!



NOW THAT YOU ARE BACK, ENGLAND WILL ONCE AGAIN BE HAPPY!

PERHAPS! BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO BE HAPPY, TOO... WITH A GOOD MEAL!

PERHAPS THAT CAN BE ARRANGED, SIRE!



IF I AM AS GOOD A KING AS MARION IS A COOK, ENGLAND HAS MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

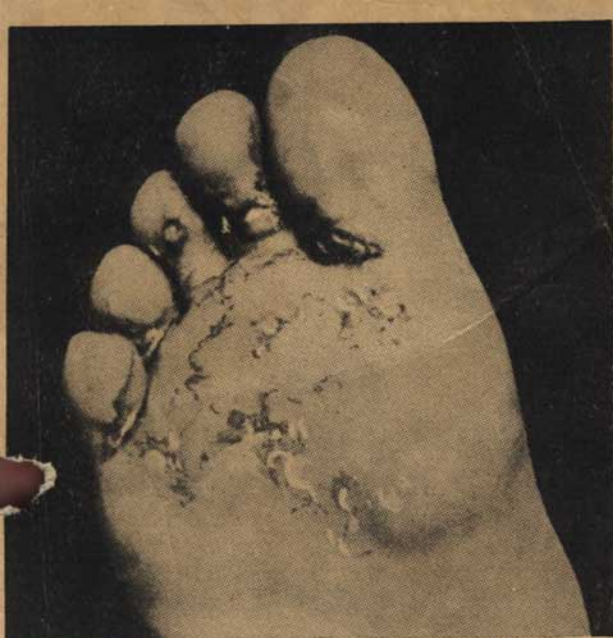
RICHARD! YOU'RE A FLATTERER!



AND NOW, SIRE! WE RETURN TO LONDON, EH?

AYE! TO LONDON, TO DEAL WITH MY SCOUNDREL OF A BROTHER, JOHN!

BUT JOHN WILL NOT GIVE UP HIS THRONE WITHOUT A FIGHT— SO BE ON HAND WHEN THE FIRE WORKS BEGIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

GRAHAM DRUG CO
 THE REXALL STORE
 PHONE 99
 GRAHAM, N. D.



WOW! DID I HIT THE JACKPOT!

LOOK AT WHAT I GET FOR JUST ONE DIME!

THE BLACK HOOD
 IN THE CASE OF

STEEL STERLING

AND THE CASE OF "THE GREEN EGGS OF DEATH"! MANY WERE THE BODIES THEY FOUND, DEAD! AND BESIDE EACH WAS A CRUSHED CHINESE GREEN EGG... AND NOW DORA CUMMINGS HAD ONE OF THOSE SYMBOLS OF DOOM, WHILE A SLANT-EYED KILLER STALKED HER THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHINATOWN!!!



"THE CORPSE WAS WRAPPED IN SEAWEED"! WAS THIS THE DREAD LORELEI, RETURNED, TO LURE SHIPS TO HORRIBLE DOOM ON THE ROCKS. OR WAS IT SOME HUMAN AGENCY, EVEN MORE HORRIBLE, THAT HAD WOVEN BARBARA SUTTON AND THE BLACK HOOD INTO A MESH FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE BUT DEATH!!!



MR. JUSTICE
 AND THE "MASS PRODUCTION ZOMBIES"! WHY DID THE WORKERS OF ALL THE UNITED STATES ARMAMENTS FACTORIES DROP DEAD AT THEIR JOBS, AND WHAT HAD CAUSED THEIR BODIES TO DISAPPEAR FROM THEIR GRAVES???



SERGEANT BOYLE

FIGHTING THE NAZIS WAS AN EVERYDAY JOB TO THAT DEVIL-MAY-CARE ACE OF THE BRITISH ARMY, SERGEANT BOYLE - BUT THE WAR TOOK ON A MUCH MORE SERIOUS COMPLEXION, WHEN HIS OWN KID BROTHER LANDED IN THE HANDS OF HITLER'S HIRELINGS!!!



DON'T MISS THIS SMASHING NEW MAGAZINE,
JACKPOT COMICS

ON SALE ON ALL NEWSSTANDS!!!